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VARIOUS · VERSES

MAY · W · DONNAN

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VARIOUS VERSES

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BY

MAY W. DONNAN

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TO MY CHILDREN

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VARIOUS VERSES

BABY'S BOAT SONG

STEER you straight for sleepy-land,
Drowsy sailor, O,
See across the shining sand
Happy children go.
Shadows dark are softly creeping,
Starry lights are outward peeping,
Silently my sailor row,
Soon we shall be there.

Sleep, my darling, sleep, my sweeting,
Gently flows the water near,
Joy is coming, trouble fleeting,
Sleep, my darling, sleep, my dear.
Nodding are the dreamy flowers,
Slowly to and fro,
Nodding are these heads of ours,
Eyelids drooping low.

In the trees the birds are sleeping,
Only crickets watch are keeping,
Round and bright the moon doth glow,
While our boat slips by.
Softly, slowly, surely gliding,
From all care and worry free,
Day from us his face is hiding,
Safe in slumberland are we.

LITTLE BABY EMILY

A BIT of blue was taken from the skies
To make her pretty eyes;
From out a lily's cup enough of white
To mould her brow aright.

Her lips were rose-leaves once, and in their red
Are fragrant kisses bred;
The rounded softness of her dainty chin
A dove's breast might have been.

A beam of light that from the sun had strayed
Into her smile was made;
The song a happy robin thought to frame
Her tuneful voice became.

And when we kneel beside her to confess
How much her life doth bless,
The upward look upon her face so fair
Compels a sweeter prayer.

FOR RUTH

Such a wise baby to manage so well,
Surely she heard the divinities tell,
"The child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Shall be blithe and bonny and good and gay."

O "blithe" and "bonny" are words we shall croon,
And "good" and "gay" shall be set to a tune,
And the song shall be joyful and low and sweet,
With love for the baby in every beat.

O sing to the baby, sing soft and slow,
Her own little lullaby clearly, O,
"The child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Shall be blithe and bonny and good and gay."

FOR THE CHILDREN

On the night before Christmas all children should creep
Into bed very early and go right to sleep,
For if Old Kriss Kingle should catch you awake,
Straight out through the chimney his pack he would take.

On the night before Christmas you must be as good
As the best-behaved child in the whole neighborhood,
For if Old Kriss Kingle should hear of bad tricks,
He 'd leave not a thing but a bundle of sticks.

On the night before Christmas you must not once doubt,
Nor ask prying questions to find secrets out,
For if Old Kriss Kingle learns that you have teased,
He'll not stop at your house because so displeased.

On the night before Christmas if you do all this,
And say your prayer quite through, and end with a kiss,
Be sure Old Kriss Kingle will find out the way
To you and your stocking before Christmas day.

KATHARINE

We said the joy-bells ought to ring,
Upon that happy morn,
And every living creature sing,
When Katharine was born.

We said the very stars should shout,
The planets laugh and run,
And sky worlds tell the news about,
When Katharine was one.

We said all nature ought to voice
One universal coo,
And stocks and stones and trees rejoice
When Katharine was two.

We said the fairest flowers should bloom
Spontaneous and free,
And rivers run with sweet perfume,
When Katharine was three.

We said, but temperance is not found
If love announce the score —
Our very words in love are drowned,
Now Katharine is four.

BABY ON THE TRAIN

Everybody restless,
Grumbling at the dust,
Growling at the cinders,
Picture of disgust,

Axle hot and smoking,
Train delayed an hour,
How the faces lengthen,
Sullen, wrinkled, sour.

Sudden transformation, —
Passengers in smiles —
Scowls and frowns have vanished —
What is it beguiles?

Grimy face and fingers,
Mouth all over crumbs,
Smeary palms contrasting
Pink and clean-sucked thumbs.

Round head nodding, bobbing,
Blue eyes full of fun,
Wind-blown tresses shining
Golden in the sun.

BABY ON THE TRAIN

Everybody cheerful,
No remarks profane,
Magic change effected, —
Baby on the train.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY

An upstairs bay-window, shades rolled to the top,
Light flooding the room without hindrance or stop,
A high chair pulled forward, and, when fate is kind,
A baby enthroned there with nurse by to mind.

The time that I spend looking over the way!
The time that I spend in my longing to play
Some pat-a-cake game with the sweet one who smiles
As one of attention and work he beguiles!

I often am tired, and oftentimes blue,
So many cares burden, such sorrows subdue,
But never so weary, and never so sad,
But glancing across there can make my heart glad.

And when shades are lowered as bedtime draws near,
No view of the window to comfort and cheer,
I know that by far the best part of the day,
Was that blessed baby just over the way.

THE DAY THAT ANNE WAS TWENTY-ONE

Across the sea in Florence fair,
Blue sky, soft sun, warm, balmy air,
A garden near where roses bloomed,
A balcony by them perfumed —
The Fates but golden threads had spun
The day that Anne was twenty-one.

Birds fluted love-notes for our ear,
A fountain babbled low and clear,
Above, below, around was naught
But was with grace and beauty fraught,
No tone discordant seemed to run
The day that Anne was twenty-one.

All after days must truer seem
Because of that one spent in dream,
All aspirations mount more high,
And heaven ever nearer lie,
Because of loveliness that shone
The day that Anne was twenty-one.

WHEN HELEN GOES TO EDINBORO'

When ilka fair thing lifts its head,
And ilka lea with bloom is spread,
When violets the lanes adorn,
And their sweet breath is upward borne,
When woodbines hint their summer sheen,
And ivied towers awaken green,
When bluebells nod in gladsome mood,
And roses by the sun are wooed,
Then Helen goes, the season's crown,
To bloom in Edinboro' town.

When joyful larks are on the wing,
And thrush and linnet blithely sing,
When pipes the chaffinch all the day,
And lambkins leap in glen and brae,
When every happy, pulsing thing,
Remembers the return of spring,
When ships are sped by friendly breeze,
And wooers braw cross over seas,
Then Helen goes the way a-down,
To bloom in Edinboro' town.

That splendid town shall grow more fair,
And skies bend blue beyond compare,

WHEN HELEN GOES TO EDINBORO'

Its castle now a sombre pile,
Shall wear a welcoming, warm smile,
And Mary's Palace so austere,
Acknowledge a new queen is near.
All fame and majesty shall take
An added lustre for her sake,
When our sweet Helen of renown,
Shall bloom in Edinboro' town.

Then fill unto the brim your cup
And drink it unto one made up
Of rarest loveliness and worth.
Drink deep in jollity and mirth,
Let not your parting tears make sour
The sweetness of her festal hour,
When she, the best beloved of all,
The lily-maiden fair and tall,
Goes forth in snowy bridal gown,
To bloom in Edinboro' town.

WHEN FIRST I HEARD A NIGHTINGALE

A SURGE of mem'ries half forgot
Of poets, lovers old,
A vague impatience with his lot,
A sense of pulses cold, —
Pain, passion, sweetness interfused,
A longing for the light,
Compassion for a spirit bruised
And burdened by the night —
A burst of joy, then rapture dimmed,
An apprehension sore,
A nectared cup that never brimmed,
Loved days that come no more.

All this the nightingale did sing
Throat swelling, heart afire,
And all the garden round did ring
With his wild sweet desire,
Until the other birds were still,
That in the wood belong,
As if but he alone had will
To spend himself in song, —
A song that set the soul athirst,
And bade it strive though fail,
A sadness, gladness strange when first
I heard a nightingale.

ON THE ROAD FROM MILLERSVILLE

Starry sky above us bending,
Great round rosy moon descending,
Clouds like little baby fleeces
Scattered by the wind's caprices,
Beeches glistening, fireflies dancing,
Willows trembling, shadows glancing,
Sense of sight shall have its fill
On the road from Millersville.

Croaking frogs and chirping crickets,
Katydids with season tickets,
Waves against the bridge piers lapping,
Mated corn leaves softly flapping,
Myriad sounds of insect rapture,
Sounds the ear can scarcely capture,
Sense of hearing has its fill
On the road from Millersville.

Mint and clover essence mingle,
Pollen-greeted nostrils tingle;
Smell of orchard, breath of dairy,
Puff of thistle caught unwary,
Scents, elusive, subtle, fleeting,
Sight and sound and perfume meeting, —
Soul and sense are set athrill
On the road from Millersville.

THERE IS A TOWN

THERE is a Town, O far from here,
(And in my dreams I go there,)
Where skies are blue and soft and clear,
And sweet bird-songs entreat the ear;
Where flowers bloom and fountains flow,
And happy children come and go,
Where warm winds whisper fond and low,
(And in my dreams I go there.)

There is a Town, I see it plain,
(And in my dreams I go there,)
Where life is never false or vain,
Nor is there bitterness or pain;
Where truth and freedom bravely stand,
And fear not frown or reprimand,
Where Love, the King, hath sole command,
(And in my dreams I go there.)

WHEN WE WERE LITTLE GIRLS

Air-castles were of lasting make,
  Lived in by knights and earls,
Full courtly were the words they spake,
  When we were little girls.

A wishing-cap we always wore
  Upon our bobbing curls,
Aladdin's lamp we always bore,
  When we were little girls.

And we rejoice, let what come may,
  As flag of age unfurls,
The magic is the same to-day
  For other little girls.

WHO 'S FOR OLD ROMANCES?

Who 's for old romances
Rather than for new,
Great and noble heroes,
Ladies tender, true?
Bright against the dull they stand,
Strong and firm and first,
Know Clarissa, Pamela,
You 'll not be accursed.
Others beckon down the road saying, "Here are we,"
Sex and problem novels, social questions free,
All the winds of story-land calling loud and plain, —
Listen to the old voice, nor let it call in vain.

Who 's for old romances?
There 's no lack of gold,
Aucassin and Nicolette,
Lancelot the bold.
Tinkling cymbals of to-day,
Brass of magazines,
Never floated weary heart
Where the lotus leans.
Light-o'-loves fantastical may allure awhile,
Suppositious heroines may perchance beguile, —
Helen, Imogen are left, Juliet, Elaine, —
Listen to the old voice, nor let it call in vain.

WHO'S FOR OLD ROMANCES?

Who's for old romances?
Lucy Ashton pure,
Emma, and Elizabeth,
Lily Dale demure,
Rare Di Vernon, Becky, Jane,
Hester, Ethel, Prue,
Mrs. Proudie and her train,
A fascinating crew.
High and fair their names are set glorifying earth,
Cumulative legacies to those who value worth.
Unto each his choice is given, be it loss or gain, —
Listen to the old voice, nor let it call in vain.

Who's for old romances?
Crusoe, Gulliver,
Evelina, Rosalind,
Maggie Tulliver.
Ranged in shining rows they wait,
Faithful, fond, alive,
Guy of Warwick, Robin Hood, —
Only great ones thrive.
Others beckon down the road saying, "Here are we,"
Sex and problem novels, social questions free,
All the winds of story-land calling loud and plain, —
Listen to the old voice, nor let it call in vain.

A DEDICATION PRAYER

Our Father, happy songs we raise
To Thee, in adoration, praise.

Saviour, unto Thy cross we bring
Contrition for Thy suffering.

To Thee, O Holy Spirit, wise,
Ourselves we give as sacrifice,

And beg, that as we celebrate
This day, Thyself wilt consecrate
And richly bless Thy House.

Stretch out Thine everlasting arm,
Shield and protect it from all harm,
Built, Lord, unto Thy name!

Support its walls with Thy strong hand,
And in its doors Thy beauty stand,
Majestic and enduring.

With perfect faith its floors inlay:
With hope its graceful arches stay:
And crown the whole with love.

A DEDICATION PRAYER

From each fair window let the glow
Of holiness, a radiance throw,
Proclaiming Thy abode.

The altar where Thy mercy clings, —
Within the shelter of Thy wings
Enfold it close we pray.

We gather round it and implore
Thy benediction. Nevermore
Turn Thy blest face away.

As here we strive to aid Thy cause,
Make fast within our hearts Thy laws
Of righteousness and truth.

As living temples keep us free
From stain: unspotted may we be
Pure homes where Thou mayst dwell.

Thus, Father, may we glorify
Thy Name, Thy goodness magnify.

Thus may we serve, O Wounded One,
As Thou wouldst have all service done.

Thus may we laud Thee, Spirit bright,
Unchanging and unshadowed Light.

BITTERNESS

Ah — bitter is the bread of tears,
With which Thy children, Lord, are fed:
And long and dark and full of fears,
The thorny road which they must tread.

We gasp and struggle as we eat;
With choking voice we cry to Thee;
We stumble on with bleeding feet,
Praying a ray of light to see.

When tongues are parched with cruel thirst,
A salty drink is for us stirred,
And each one thinks his cup accursed,
And each one doubts Thy saving word.

O Thou, who promised to abate
The punishment would we believe,
Help us in confidence to wait,
Help us in patience to receive

Whatever comes. Help us to know,
Although in anguish sore we strive,
The souls that suffer, also grow,
And that which kills can make alive.

THAT WHICH IS ETERNAL

It is long since cry of pain
Fell upon far Israel's plain,
Jonathan, my friend! my friend!
Yet are living hearts that feel
Sting of dart and touch of steel,
As they think love like to this must have an end.

It is very long ago
Since the haunting cry of woe
Broke from David's trembling heart;
And the time is hard to scan
Since the scalding tear-drops ran,
Yet all who have said farewell have known the smart.

It is many ages past
Since grief limitless and vast,
Spread her brooding wings around;
And there never comes a day
One can get so far away
He shall stand outside the circle she has bound.

But through centuries now gone,
And the ones still rolling on,
Comes a message, sweet, divine, —
Love doth ever rule the same,
Life and death are but in name:
Thou shalt never lose what once was truly thine.

WHEN VIOLETS COME AGAIN

WHEN soft spring rain makes violets to bloom again,
We'll pluck them for thy grave;
O'er thee shall petals wave
In purple wealth.
We'll heap them at thy head,
For blessings thou hast shed;
We'll strew them at thy feet,
A benediction meet.

When soft spring rain makes violets to bloom again,
In loveliness they'll grow,
And rarest fragrance blow
Upon thy bed.
But now we cannot find
One bud thy brow to bind,
They too from us have gone,
A fairer garb to don.

When soft spring rain makes violets to bloom again,
The ones who loved thee best,
Though hearts bleed, shall attest,
'T is well with thee.
Those sweet shut eyes of thine
Shall lift to light divine,
As violets through the sod
And darkness look to God.

GOD'S FINGER TOUCHED HER AND SHE SLEPT

"God's finger touched him and he slept."
So wrote the poet of his friend,
And to that thought he bravely kept,
Though grieving for him to the end.

And we whose hearts are likewise stirred,
Whose eyes the same sad tears have wept,
Let us adopt the poet's word —
God's finger touched her and she slept.

This sleep is where the sweetest dream
And hope of life is realized,
Where aspiration is supreme,
And longing is immortalized.

Our friend loved all things true and wise,
In but the highest was her pride,
And now her eager wishful eyes
Are in His likeness satisfied.

Say not her death untimely came,
That she too quickly went away,
Without farewell or spoken name
Of those who would have begged her stay.

GOD'S FINGER

It must be better to have sprung
With one quick leap across the sea,
Than lingeringly to have clung
Beside the shore with you and me.

And so, although we can but grieve
Because she has before us stept,
It comforts us that we believe
God's finger touched her and she slept.

IN THE BEAUTY OF THE LILIES

"In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born across the sea,"
In the splendor of their whiteness,
In their sweet humility.

In the beauty of the lilies
Lived He stainless, undefiled,
Without murmur bore His burden,
Uncomplaining was reviled.

In the beauty of the lilies
He is risen from the grave,
Overcoming all its sharpness
That the world new life may have.

Ring, O Easter bells, rejoicing,
Not in vain that blood did flow,
Christ is risen! He will wash us
Like the lilies white as snow!

EASTER

Now, sing, ye birds with tuneful throats,
Ring sweet and high your happy notes,
Sing as you do at break of day,
When all the stars list to your lay.
Sing till the flowers peep out to see
Whence comes the wondrous melody,
Then lift their heads unto your view
And drink with joy the morning dew;
With perfumed lips they smile to heaven,
As if in thanks for mercies given.
Ah, birds and flowers, to you is known
The time to sing, the time to bloom.
Awake my heart! bloom thou and sing,
For Christ is risen and reigns thy King!

CYRANO

Brave Cyrano, thy "stainless soldier's crest"
Is not the only trophy thou shalt take
On the new road: our love for thy love's sake,
And for that which thou knew'st a heavenly guest, —
Thy poet soul: strong soul that none could make
Demean itself for bribes, nor honor break,
Nor stoop to any servile task or quest,
But in its own inherent truth to rest.
Thy courage, thy self-sacrificing heart,
Thy genius, generosity, are great,
But rare regard for a God-given art,
The wish to walk, unfettered, thine own gait,
To climb, though rough the hill, unaided, free,
This wins our love which thou must take with thee.

ON A PICTURE OF OEDIPUS LED BY ANTIGONE

Thou art weary, O my father,
Lean on me; although weak my arm doth seem,
My heart supporteth thee. A pleasant wood
Is just beyond, and in its shadow cool
Thy tired feet shall rest awhile; thine eyes,
Poor blinded eyes, be laved in water sweet.
Why dost thou pause, and turn as terrified?
I hear naught, see naught that should make afraid.
"Where are we"? At Colonos' edge, where thou
Commandest to be led. Dost fear the grove
We near, the Furies' hallowed one, where thou
Must die? O brave heart, which hath borne so much,
Go meet thy doom. The cruel gods that wait
Shall not behold thy daughter weep.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

Has architect or builder been at fault
When tower leans, points not unto the skies?
Was sculptured column meant erect to rise,
Symmetric, tall, to heaven's beck'ning vault,
And was it flawed by some one's great default?
What is it here perfection still denies,
Though showing promise of a Paradise
To gain which loveliness should never halt?

Or why when so aslant does it not fall,
Avenging thus its hard-appointed fate?
Ah, more appealing far that cruel pose
Than straightest shaft that rises over all;
Like unto noble, patient ones that wait,
Bent but not broken by coercive foes.

THE DOOR

(*Extract from a colored woman's prayer: "Massa Jesus, you say you gwine stan' at de door and knock. But you ain't gwine stan' at we door, Massa, and knock. We gwine set de door plum open, and watch up de road.*")

Such doors as these of ours are hard to move,
Reluctantly their rusty hinges turn,
Unwillingly the outward swing they learn
Whose habit is to rest in rigid groove
Which pride and sloth and selfish aim behoove,
Not yielding ever with the fine concern
Felt by that humble soul who could discern
What hospitality and love approve.

And so the prayer should be for us to-day
That which we should have offered heretofore:
Help us to throw our willful pride away,
Help us to open wide the stubborn door,
And may our feet be swift to run and meet
Him who is never far when we entreat.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD"

"She hath done what she could." Oh, tender
word,
To fall on the ear of her who had poured
The ointment so precious upon her Lord
With generous hand. What a sweet joy stirred
Her heart as the gracious phrase was heard.
How happy she felt that her little hoard
All freely bestowed, should comfort afford,
That in giving the best she had not erred.
How happy were I if some blessed day,
As, close to the Master, I waiting stood,
Knowing I, too, had been eager to lay
Before him my store of whatever good,
Might I hear the same voice tenderly say,
"Trouble her not, she hath done what she
could."

SCALA SANTA

(*The flight of steps now in Rome brought from the palace of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem up which Christ walked. They may be ascended only on the knees.*)

We watched a pilgrim go on bended knee
Up step by step until he reached the height;
A painful task it seemed and long the flight,
With face upturned, lips moving prayerfully,
No looking back, but ever carefully
The forward mount, the growing light,
Until at very top, upon his sight
There rose the Face and Form he climbed to see.
But dim the Face to us who stood unbowed
And unbelieving as we waited there.
No wondrous vision unto us allowed,
No awe or thrill of pilgrim might we share;
For us the doubt, the wait, the helpless stand,
For him the faith, the climb, the outstretched Hand.

AND PETER

"Tell His disciples and Peter." The same
One who forsook Him; the same who denied
Him when need was greatest; who three times
cried
"I know Him not"; the Peter whose shame
Must have burned with an ever-growing flame
Each day he remembered how vaunted pride,
And much-boasted loyalty leaned aside
When the summons for fealty came.

And we who deny Him with coward soul,
Who daily for pardon must humbly sue,
Oft losing sight of the heavenly goal,
Yet faltering courage and hope renew
As the beautiful words on the air still roll,
"Go tell His disciples and Peter, too."

THE FAULT

It was a prophet, grave, sedate,
Was wont this way to meditate: —
We might, like Moses, face to face
Talk daily with the Lord,
If we believed that every place
Doth burning bush afford.
Our feet, like his, on holy ground
Each day might stand, if we
Beheld the radiance all around
Which any eye may see:
'T is not the want of bush aflame,
The lack of hallowed mould,
It is our eyes that we must blame,
Our feet that we withhold.

SAINT-GAUDENS' FIGURE OF GRIEF

No sculptor's figure ever moved us more
Than this majestic, awe-compelling Grief.
To see such sadness gives our own relief,
For here anew we enter that great door
Of learning, pain; anew we wonder o'er
Her lessons, not easy ones, nor brief,
And as we look we question if the chief,
The hardest of them over which men pore
Is death. What says this calm triumphant face?
"O death where is thy sting? And where, O grave,
Thy victory?" — We see thou canst abase,
Afflict, wound sore, but not defeat the brave
Of spirit. This one meets thy woful shade,
Uncomplaining, unresisting, unafraid.

BROTHERLY LOVE

(Sculpture by George Grey Barnard showing two figures trying to clasp hands through the obstructing marble.)

It matters not what may divide,
Love struggles to be satisfied,
And, spite of walls that would defeat,
Hands, conquering, at last must meet.

Ah, kindred hands stretched each to each!
If one alone had tried to reach
A palm to that which gave no heed,
It were unhappiness indeed.

THE CHOICE

The irksome choice not always lies
Between clear right and wrong:
Nor grievous is the sacrifice
When heart is sure and strong.

But when conflicting duties meet,
Demanding answer true,
Know you which one to bid retreat?
Which one let govern you?

What profits it a man to keep,
His own soul free from stain,
If he for others make a steep
That else had been a plain?

Sometimes a lie will save a life;
The truth sometimes will kill;
Who shall decide in such a strife
Which choice is good, which ill?

CALM AND STORM

Any one can steer a ship
If the wind is still,
But when storms their havoc slip,
Thunders shake, and lightnings whip,
There is call for pilot's skill,
Steady hand, and will.

THEY ARE NOT HERE

I GUESS the word that you would say, —
That they are better off, my dear
Sweet children, where they are. It may
Be so. I only know they are not here.

You think I should be strong of heart,
And not so sad of face, so drear;
I should recall their better part,
Although I only know they are not here.

You think it should not darken all
I hear and see afar or near,
Nor cloud my spirit like a pall,
This woe, I only know they are not here.

I could give counsel in your stead,
Were you bereft, and I of cheer,
Would know what should be thought and said,
But, oh, I only know they are not here.

EXPERIENCE

What little things our lives do hinge upon!
One day a tranquil creature all content
And happy, willing that the hours be spent
In even tone, no change, no incident,

Until, upon a sudden we awake.
Perhaps a grief, a joy, perhaps a sin
Has roused the spirit dull within,
But something happens and our lives begin.

And though no one knows what has wakened you,
And though none may guess what has stirred my soul,
Yet the wise can see we have paid the toll
Which the gods demand ere we touch the goal.

ASPIRATION

When I am dead write this above my head: —
"Here lieth one who longed to reach the height
Where poets dwell, who longed for sky, stars, light,
And at life's close gained but the vale of prose."

Yet add a word some other heart to gird: —
"No brow that love of truth, of art has worn,
Shall always bear the prose-compelling thorn;
Somewhere there grows for her the poet's rose."

THY FRIEND

Thy friend will come to thee unsought,
With nothing can his love be bought,
His soul thine own will know at sight,
With him thy heart can speak outright.
Greet him nobly, love him well,
Show him where your best thoughts dwell,
Trust him greatly and for aye,
A true friend comes but once your way.

DEFIANCE

Hail, Father Time! I do not dread
Thy secret touch, thy stealthy tread,
I tremble not at fingers lean,
So firmly holding weapon keen.
Dost know that there is one called Fate
Serenely smiling on thy hate?
And, until she the door unlatch,
Pursue thou mayst, but canst not catch!

INTROSPECTION

The ghost of my old self I saw to-night,
Into its piercing eyes mine looked with fright,
So stern they glowed. "Behold thy wasted youth,
The frightful wreck thou 'st made of faith and truth!
No, turn not yet away, look well; can'st boast?"
And I, "The promises I early made
To thee, I tried to keep; with none to aid,
Secure in my own strength I meant to be,
Which only weakness was: then pity me, —
Compassion have, not anger, gentle ghost!"

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

Long broken curves of beauty dip,
And rise, and wheel, and poise and slip,
Now rope-like thin, now cloud-like thick,
Now floating slow, now fluttering quick,
Through autumn's purple haze.

Long broken curves of beauty lift,
And pause, and circle, part, and drift,
Like thoughts and hopes and sweet desires,
That come and go as soul aspires,
Or sinks, through life's cloud-maze.

THE CROSS

When on the hot and dusty road
Our Lord to Golgotha was led,
And fainted 'neath the cruel load,
Simon took up the cross instead.

Since then, if burdens prove too great
For human shoulders to uphold,
Christ comes and lifts it, and the weight
Which might have crushed, is from them
rolled.

But often, we who cry for aid,
Have failed to see, with vision dim,
It is a cross our own hands made,
Which we lay heavily on Him.

DESTINY

Why seek to know what fate has said
Shall be thy final destiny?
If strong thy heart and firm thy tread,
If thou no honest judgment dread,
'T will matter not what comes to thee,
Thy fate thou canst already see.

KEEP ON WITH YOUR KNITTING

What if your neighbors criticize
And call you slow, unwitting,
Pray do not therefore agonize,
But keep on with your knitting.

Suppose they call you most absurd
In toil so unremitting,
Just let them revel in the word,
And keep on with your knitting.

Suppose they do say you are dumb
And stupid in committing
Yourself unto a life humdrum,
Just keep on with your knitting.

Of course you might retort, defend,
Uphold yourself, permitting
An endless argument descend,
But keep on with your knitting.

You might say happiness and growth
Come richly by submitting,
They'd not believe you on your oath,
So keep on with your knitting.

KEEP ON WITH YOUR KNITTING

And as your needles ever fly,
  Recall this aphorism:
You'll have a stocking by and by,
  And they their criticism.

THE DEBATE

An anxious voice was heard to ask,
"What comes next, joy or sorrow?"
The answer was, "What thou hast done
To-day decides to-morrow."

"Before the night I will make good
The time that I have wasted."
"No innocence can be restored
When evil has been tasted."

"What, then, the hope of contrite soul?
Is there but condemnation?"
"An hour sometimes to wrong is given,
And years to expiation."

"If pain and sorrow are my doom,
Of what use is repentance?"
Impatient one, by suffering
Thou dost annul thy sentence.

A BIRTHDAY

"No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face,"
So wrote a tender poet long ago,
Of one he early learned to love and know:
So borrow I the pretty thought to-day
Because it is what I should like to say,
This added, — "May I be as sweet as you
If ever I shall come to eighty-two."

THE POOR-HOUSE OF THE SOUL

We talk about the poor-house, of its squalor and its woe,
We hate the road that stretches to it, rough, and far to go,
We strive with all our being to escape the wretched goal,
And then, unmindful, walk into the poor-house of the soul.

We try to save our money, try to live within our means,
Are watchful that no debts encroach, no crippling burden leans
Against the house we love, the home with shining aureole,
But we neglect the mortgage on the poor-house of the soul.

We think of light, of water, pipe, and drain, and heat, and fire,
Are fearful of diseases, germs, and all contagion dire,
But never heed the warning written on another scroll,
Are not concerned about the tainted poor-house of the soul.

THE POOR-HOUSE OF THE SOUL

Who nourishes his visions as he nourishes his
wealth?
Who cherishes ideals as he cherishes his health?
Can worldly acquisitions although numberless
console
The one who is a pauper in the poor-house of the
soul?

If penury of mind and heart, of spirit and of brain
Accompany success in life, join hands with wealth
and gain,
What matter if a palace bear his name upon its roli,
The real man is living in the poor-house of the soul.

THE REWARD OF FRANKNESS

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks,"
Said poet wise, who saw that strongest links
Of love are forged when woman gives no sign
Of being pleased or pained; who didst divine
A man will woo with ardor till he knows
How much the woman cares, and then he goes.
"Come, tell me, sweet, how dear I am to you."
The artless one thinks she must answer true,
And then, though greedily her words he drinks,
"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

THE MISTAKE

He wanted to kiss her,
She said he was mad!
He wanted to kiss her.
She said he was bad!
He wanted to kiss her,
Now is it not sad
That when 't was too late
She was wishing he had?

But why did he ask her?
She had to say no.
But why did he ask her, and
Embarrass her so?
But why did he ask her?
A man ought to know
The kiss that is stolen
Is most *comme il faut!*

THE IRISH TONGUE

For making love there's nothing like
The real Irish tongue,
And this is how my Cousin Mike
Told me it should be sung: —
Come, Cushla, where's the letter, love,
I'm wanting, ma machree?
To send it you would better, dove,
I long for it and thee,
I'm reaching hands across the sea,
Come, astor, agra, ma machree.

And then my cousin Mike he said
The answer I must find,
And that in Irish must be read
Whatever's in my mind.
So, cushla, here's a wireless
I'm sending, ma machree,
Alanna, 't is a brierless
Rose world for you and me,
And we shall pick the roses, we,
Ah, agra, astor, ma machree.

LARRY MULRY

Did ever ye hear of the lad Larry Mulry?
Did ever ye look in his bonny blue e'en?
'T was he had the sootherin', blarneyin' way wid
him,
'T was bad for the head of the staidest colleen.

Sure, he had no need to be kissin' the Blarney
Stone,
Be wastin' his lips on the cold and the hard,
In faith 't was the stone did be gettin' the benefit,
In faith 't was the stone did be gettin' reward.

Arrah, if ye meet wid this same Larry Mulry,
This broth of a boy I was likin' the while,
Now don't be onasy for that I be praisin' him,
Just give him for me, when you're passin', a smile.

DAY AND NIGHT

When every one is sound asleep,
The house as still as still can be,
I softly rise and find my way
Across the calling Irish sea.

Beside Killarney's lovely lakes
I lie and dream and have my will,
No irksome conscience frowns me down,
No hint that aught I do is ill.

All night I am my real self,
I think of much I dare not tell,
And when the morning breaks I steal
Back where I am supposed to dwell.

Submissively I then perform
My daily duties, tasks, and all:
No one must know by word or look,
That I am not a willing thrall.

But oh, the days are wearisome,
I could not live, except at night
I lie beside Killarney's lakes,
Am helped and heartened by the sight.

AN IRISH LAD'S EYES

Not the blue of the Mediterranean,
Not the blue of Italy's skies,
Are one half so blue,
So steadily true
As the blue of an Irish lad's eyes.

Not the blue of the gentian or azure speed-
well,
Not the blue of a blossom we prize,
Can compare with the hue
So deliciously blue,
Happy blue of an Irish lad's eyes.

For the blue of the sky and the water grow
dull,
And faded the blue flower lies,
But naught can imbue
With change the deep blue,
Loving blue of an Irish lad's eyes.

KLONTAKILTY

A TINY town in Ireland away across the sea,
With sunshine there and all things fair to win my heart from me,
The very name of that small town is like a singing bird,
Its music rare rid me of care when first the sound I heard;
'T was Klontakilty, Klontakilty, ringing on the air,
'T was Klontakilty, Klontakilty, singing everywhere.

Imposing towns, imposing names are met on either hand,
They grandeur wear and glory share and in their splendor stand,
But never name magnificent shall woo my pledge away
From that sweet place of perfect grace which beckons me for aye.
'T is Klontakilty, Klontakilty, ringing on the air,
'T is Klontakility, Klontakilty, singing everywhere.

Now in this town a girl I met, a winsome little maid,
She looked and smiled, I was beguiled, I spoke, she was afraid

And ran away, but I ran too, I caught her, and I said;
Come learn the song that shall belong to us when we are wed —
'T is Klontakilty, Klontakilty, ringing on the air,
'T is Klontakilty, Klontakilty, singing everywhere.

THE SHAMROCK

Don't talk to me of other flower,
Of pansy, lily, violet;
Don't point me unto perfect bower
Set round with rose and mignonette,
These blooms to me are but a mock
Beside the lowly, wee shamrock.

Don't tell me of the ivy vine,
The myrtle, and the climbing grape,
Nor boast of how your sweet woodbine
Doth all your splendid mansions drape,
But show me nestling in the rock
The tightly-clinging, wee shamrock.

Grown over by the other green,
Half-hidden by the heavy shade,
So tiny it is hardly seen,
No triumph of its beauty made,
Yet nothing may its progress block,
This stanchly-growing wee shamrock.

No flower, it, for royalty,
It doth not flaunt in pomp or pride,
It is the type of loyalty,
Of faith and courage sorely tried;
Through Ireland's storm and stress and shock,
Tenacious grows the wee shamrock.

DINNIE'S PLOUGHING

When Dinnie got up, 'faith, the morning was bright,
The ploughshare was sharp, and the soil it was right,
And eager for work was the look in his eye,
When Katy McCleary came sauntering by.

"The top of the morning to you," Katy said,
"'T is fine that yourself does be earning your bread,
I'll sit be the hillock and see you go 'round,
You'll plough the whole field before noon, I'll be bound."

"The morning is young yet," said Dinnie, and he
Sat down beside Katy quite happy and free.
By noon not a furrow had he for his part,
Excepting the one Katy ploughed in his heart.

WHAT SHALL I SAY?

What shall I answer my lady sweet
When she says I do not love her?
That I worship the ground beneath her feet
And the sky that curves above her?

It would not be false, because the earth
Seems lovelier and finer,
The sea, the sky, all things of worth
For her sake are diviner.

I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER DAY

I FEARED he would think I was easily won,
For men prize most what is hard to get;
So I hardened my heart and walked alone,
And scarcely looked at him when we met.

But, suddenly, turning the corner here,
Into his arms I almost fell,
And he smiled so sweet and he looked so dear —
Now promise me sure you will never tell —

That I — when his eyes looked into mine,
I could not turn my own away,
For his so bright with love did shine,
That — I'll tell you more another day!

BUTTERFLIES

My walls are hung in quaint design
Of lilied saint and martyr shrine,
While all the ceiling, contra-wise,
Is garlanded with butterflies.

Afloat or poised on fairy wing,
Alluring, glancing, shimmering,
Till saint and martyr's pleading face
Are quite forgotten in their grace.

Outside the window of this room
The clear lake shines and mountains loom
With lovely blue sky over all,
And yet to these I am not thrall,

But from them ever turn away
As from where saints and martyrs pray,
To gaze with poor short-sighted eyes
Upon the dancing butterflies.

"ONLY A LOCK OF WOMAN'S HAIR"

(A packet with this inscription found among Swift's possessions after his death.)

Only a woman, faithful, fond,
Beyond the letter of the bond,
Though wounded, spurned. Only a man
Masking his heart as a proud man can.
It is not scorn that echoes there: —
"Only a lock of woman's hair."

THE BUDS OF SPRING

Bare tree outlines against the sky,
Bleak, cheerless sky,
Lifts dauntless forehead ever high,
No underling:
What though it shiver in the blast
While winter last?
In certain hand it holdeth fast
The buds of spring.

PROOF

He sent to her, the credulous lover,
A worn horseshoe and a four-leaved clover,
"To bring thee good luck," he said.

Though she never had trusted signs before,
Yet the horseshoe was hung above the door,
And the lover came that day.

Though she thought it a foolish thing to do,
Yet she "wished" the clover in her shoe,
And the wish came true that day.

Then happened a practical proof of this —
He had said if you sneezed it meant a kiss,
And she sneezed that very day.

MY SQUIRE

My squire is neither belted knight,
Nor lord of high estate,
And yet no hero more bedight,
With tokens rich and great.

Upon his breast there gleams no star,
Yet honor doth he wear,
About his knee no ribbon bar,
But service true is there.

And though he hath not magic power,
Nor Titan force in fee,
My squire 's my son, and he 's a tower
Of strength and hope to me.

THE LOVING-CUP

Our Saxon sires around the board
Where stout old ale was freely poured,
Knew life was strenuous, yet sweet,
They felt its quickening throb and beat,
And, spite of battles, hours were long
In joke and tale and cordial song;
How eagerly they eyed the bowl,
How heartily each one did troll, —

Your health! in the cup that is brimming and vast.
Your health! in the cup that is sweetest and last.
Hear the word as the loving-cup onward is passed, —
Your health!

The surging tide of Saxon blood
Must never ebb, but keep the flood,
And for its sake we send around
The cup with happy wishes bound:
We'll pledge to friendship's joy and mirth, —
Its memories, its faith, its worth: —
Some drink more deep, but none more true,
So here's to you, and you, and you, —

Your health! in the cup that is brimming and vast.
Your health! in the cup that is sweetest and last.
Hear the word as the loving-cup onward is passed, —
Your health!

THE LOVING-CUP

No rarer draught can be distilled
Than this with which our cup is filled,
For where but juice of grape had been
Love threw his purple clusters in,
And this best product of the vine
Doth far outdo the jocund wine;
Love leaps and sparkles to the brim,
Then let us smile and drink with him, —

Your health! in the cup that is brimming and vast.
Your health! in the cup that is sweetest and last.
Hear the word as the loving-cup onward is passed, —
Your health!

A VALENTINE

Burns sang of Bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border,
Gaed like vain Alexander,
Her victories to order.

I sing another Leslie,
A sweet girl, more alluring,
Who stays at home, the wise one,
Her conquests there securing.

A princess is this Leslie,
And gracious though blood-royal;
My heart her throne, her kingdom,
And I her subject loyal.

Long shall you reign, my Leslie,
My little bonnie dearie,
For love, it has been proven,
Grows never old or weary.

THE TRIP TO ST. JOE

The ticket was purchased for one,
One chair was reserved, but I know,
Though the passenger sat there alone,
There were two on the trip to St. Joe.

For whom was the pressure of hand?
For whom was the smile and the glow?
Though the journey for one he had planned,
There were two on the trip to St. Joe.

What mattered the crowd right and left?
They had their own joy, but I trow,
Though seeming he was not bereft,
There were two on the trip to St. Joe.

THE WONDER

I WONDER why hands small and weak,
Such as to her belong,
Should, when they softly touch my cheek
Make me feel proud and strong?

I wonder why her tender voice
When calling me by name,
Should make me so much more rejoice
Than call of wealth or fame?

I only know I firmer walk
And clearer see the way
When listening to her baby talk
Or watching her at play.

I only know that when I feel
That little hand in mine,
Equal am I to woe or weal,
As by a strength divine.

THE GAME

She thought to play a game with Love,
Oh, foolish little maiden,
To have no fear of quiver near
With fatal arrow laden.

As Love began to deal the cards,
So pitied she his blindness,
She leaned aside his hand to guide;
'T was done in very kindness.

That touch! "The game is mine," cried
Love,
Oh, foolish little maiden,
To have no fear of quiver near
With fatal arrow laden.

BALLAD

Oh, a robin sang in the maple tree,
And his song was sweet as song could be,
But she who should listen with happy breast
Went flying away to another nest.

Oh, a lady carefully decked her hair
And smiled as she thought he would call her fair,
But he who had loved her but yesterday
Was wooing another across the way.

Oh, the tender song! I do sadly fear
It was what some fond bird longed to hear,
And the heart that the faithless lover spurned,
Perhaps was the heart for which some one yearned.

TO HER

I SAT behind her as we rode,
Her dainty head was outlined clear;
I could have kissed the slim young throat
If I had dared, it was so near.

If I had dared — but, no, I sat
And loved it for its slender grace;
So round, so fair, a perfect stem
For the sweet flower of her face.

THE RESULT

I SENT Love's messenger to see
If he could win a game for me.
His step came slow, his face was sad;
Quickly I guessed the news was bad.
"Thou faithless boy, thou didst not try."
"I won," he said, "therefore I sigh."

IF SHE COULD GUESS

She doubted my love, so she told me,
Because of no sonnet or song —
As if a poor word should be needed
When eyes have looked love for so long.

And yet for the word she is waiting —
Alas, for my stammering tongue
If she could but guess at the sweetness
Of songs that can never be sung!

THE VESPER HYMN

When I sit alone in the twilight dim,
And hear the solemn vesper hymn,
When the powerful organ softly wails
Like a mighty heart that strives and fails,
When the flickering candles throw their gleam
On the altar figures that living seem,
Then the face of the Mother looks at me,
And her smile it is beautiful to see;
Then the loving eyes of the blessed Child,
Shed into my heart benediction mild;
All the cares and the burdens of the day,
Seem to softly slip from my heart away,
When I sit alone in the twilight dim,
And hear the solemn vesper hymn.

TO YOU

If you should die to-morrow,
My flowers would deck your bed,
Nor any deed or word of love
Be left undone, unsaid.

But you would lie there silent,
Not knowing that I cared:
What then to you were blossoms,
Or heart too lately bared?

And so, lest some to-morrow
Make void the words I say,
Will you not let me tell you
I love you, dear, to-day?

THE SMILE

No matter what journey you 're called on to make,
If homeward or into exile,
If westward or eastward the road you must take,
It is best to start off with a smile.

No matter what load may be laid on your back,
Nor what addeth weight to the pile,
In spite of whatever of strength you may lack
The very best help is a smile.

If sickness o'ertake you and poverty, too,
Your mind unto fate reconcile,
And learn that whatever ill fortune may do
The sure antidote is a smile.

Then lift your head high, though appointed to bear
Much sorrow and trouble the while,
Though no one comes forward the burden to share,
Walk bravely and keep up the smile.

ON A PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO

"Love betters what is best," he once declared.
So much he had of what the world calls best, —
Great work, and fame to crown it, which men
prize:
But he lacked love, and, stoic though confessed,
The shadow lies upon those weary eyes
Heavy as grief within a heart unshared.

HYMN

If in sadness thou art mourning,
Human consolation scorning;
If from friends all pity spurning,
Yet thy heart for comfort yearning —
Listen to the voice that sings
In a tone of melting sweetness,
"I am He who in completeness
Bringeth healing in my wings."

In the long and weary hours,
When thy soul within thee cowers,
When thou tremblest with foreboding,
And remorse is cruel, goading,
Rising high above all stings,
He who marks the sparrow's falling,
To thy bruiséd heart is calling,
"There is healing in my wings."

When despair thy face is clouding,
Hopelessness thy form enshrouding,
See, through darkness, light is breaking,
And a path for thee is making
To the cross where sorrow clings.
He who there for us was wounded,
Who the depths of grief hath sounded,
Waits, with healing in His wings.

COMPENSATION

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
And the stairway is long thy feet must tread,
But the food is sweet that is hardly won,
And the view most fair when the climbing 's done.

HER CHILDLIKE HEART

Others praise my lady's beauty,
Others praise her magic art,
But my chant is for her tender,
Her confiding, childlike heart.

Others rave of her perfections,
They recount them by the score:
I admire her gifts and graces,
But her child-heart I adore.

TO A. F.

That sweet bay of Bantry! That sweet bay Kenmare!
Those lakes of Killarney! Glengariffe's dear isles!
So lovely, so winsome, so charmingly fair,
Suggesting, bewitching, soft womanly wiles;

You mind how the thrush and the chaffinch were singing?
You mind how the white clouds sailed over the blue?
You mind how the sheepbells were joyfully ringing,
And how the day seemed to be made for us two?

The scent of the roses and hawthorne was for us,
For us the majestic and wide-spreading trees,
The grandeur of mountain and lake all about us;
Within us a happiness equaling these.

If ever in gathering years we are feeling
Unrest or despair, let us turn to the day
When nature laid bare her great heart for our healing
And gave us a blessing time takes not away.

MY MOTHER'S SHRINE

My mother had a little shrine
Before which she would often kneel;
I used to think it very odd
That mother should have sins to heal.

I always wondered at the look
Upon her face when she would rise,
So calm and gracious was her brow,
So sweet the light within her eyes.

And thus I learned to reverence
That which she held to be divine,
I learned to kneel because she did,
And venerate the sainted shrine.

Then when my mother went away
The things that she had prized were mine,
I have them as she left them, but
There are two saints within my shrine.

ROSES

I WORE her roses on my breast,
Alas, that we should have to part,
I wore her roses on my breast
And carried her within my heart.

"My love is like a red, red rose,"
Shall I the poet's line repeat?
No, no. A rose is like my love,
But not so sweet, not half so sweet.

DELIA AND AMELIA

When I was young and in my prime,
The fates two sweethearts brought me,
I thought of Delia all the time,
But 't was Amelia sought me.

I knew but little courting lore,
So dull had nature wrought me,
I longed to learn of Delia more,
But 't was Amelia taught me.

And here a mystery arose,
Which well-nigh has distraught me,
For I loved Delia, goodness knows,
But 't was Amelia caught me.

PRAYER

Although thy prayer unanswered seems,
And impotent as childhood's dreams,
Yet know, the impulse which doth move,
The value of the prayer shall prove.

THE SCULPTOR

The sculptor's ear so finely keyed
Hears cries from stones of life bereft,
And lo, imprisoned forms are freed
Like lovely Ariel from the cleft.

TRANSCENDENTALISM

That which we yearn to be we are by virtue of the yearning;
That which we pray for we receive by process of the asking;
That which we strive to do is done when we have striven truly;
The heaven we see is all the heaven that we shall be possessed of.

THE NEW LEAF

Come, turn the new leaf and be gay,
Let old year failures be forgot,
We'll firmly trace our page each day,
And may the saints preserve from blot!

THE KING'S REPLY

Thou hast all the world can bestow, O King,
Tell us what is best in the end.
"I would give my crown and my royal ring,
In exchange for one true friend."

MONOTONES

"Don't love so many people: love but me,"
A selfish and a foolish thing to say;
The heart that can most richly give to thee,
Is that which has a thousand in its pay.

"I have no other than a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so."
And to have other were a woman's treason;
Because she thinks him so, it makes him so.

"Come, hitch your wagon to a star,"
The transcendental souls conjure.
How painful, when the skeptics add:
Look well your harness is secure!

"Live with the gods," said Marcus Aurelius.
'T is pretty advice, but you see
While I might enjoy it, I am not so sure
The gods would like living with me.

Why is it we remember what
We know ought quickly be forgot?
Why is it we forget straightway
That we should bear in mind for aye?

"If I could live my life once more
It should be better than before."
Vain boast, my soul, when thy to-day
So close resembles yesterday.

One said, "My love must be returned, —"
And the hungry heart forever yearned.
"Let me but love," another cried, —
And lo that heart was satisfied.

I wish that he who knows would tell,
I wish that some one understood
Just why we always do the things
Which we declared we never should!

To stand for civic righteousness,
For law and honor, work well done, —
What matter if votes spell defeat?
This candidate has won!

One listens with his ears alone,
The other with his mind, —
A small part shall the first man own,
The next all riches find.

If I were you and you were me,
Each might as now feel blame,
Yet surely the result would be
Remarkably the same.

"The dice of Zeus fall luckily."
Dear me, was great Zeus goaded
By players of more skill than he
To dice that had been loaded?

"Children and fools tell the truth,"
Does this mean when we've lost our youth
And have become both old and wise,
We've learned it's best to deal in lies?

"I am as I was made," —
Yet truth compels me say,
I might have been much worse
If I had had my way.

A man stood on the burning deck,
And gazed with grief upon the fire, —
Not that he mourned the total wreck,
But that the insurance was not higher.

"Do unto others as you would," —
This much is kept and understood.

"The key to every man is his thought."
What very little keys to some are brought!

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," —
But the birds in the bush sing sweeter by far,
"A stitch in good time," we are told, "saveth nine," —
But the nine show the kind of seamstress you are.

"Money makes the mare go." You are right,
And money sometimes takes her out of sight.

"Blot out vain pomp." We wish we could.
But vain pomp, be it understood,
Gets in his blot before we do,
And vanquishes in quick time too.

"Pray, suit thyself to thine estate."
So wrote a prophet good and great.
But, oh, wise one, you did not see
'T is my estate suits not to me.

The modern Jack Horner secureth a corner
On plums and on all Christmas pie:
He stuffeth the crust till he has a fine trust,
And he says, what a smart boy am I!

MONOTONES

"Put money in thy purse." O shrewd Iago,
That speech betrays not Venice, but Chicago!

Meredith says, "Kissing does not last, and cookery
do, —"
But I would n't trade a kiss for a cookie, would you?

"The world 's a stage on which all parts are played,"
And where each actor longs to be a star:
Yet most of us are supers, and afraid
To venture toward the footlights very far.

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."
But what of him who loves and runs?
Shall he hear future heavy guns?

"He never loved that loved not at first sight,"
Do you believe it? Is it right?
I knew a man who felt that way
But his quick feeling did not stay.

THE END

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